

# The Evening World

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THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 24.

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## THE GATES WILL BE OPENED.

THE EVENING WORLD has good tidings today for the people to whom the gates of Stuyvesant Park, west, have of late been closed at the very time when the privileges of such a breathing place would have come as the greatest blessing.

Those gates are to open again and at once. The red tape has all been unwound. To-morrow night the electric lights will once more glow amid the green trees and the park will again offer its coolness, its sweet air and its restful opportunities to the weary day laborer and his family.

It is a time to be glad; and THE EVENING WORLD does rejoice with and for the benefited people, feeling meanwhile its own modest sense of gratification that it was able to aid in the bringing about of this most desirable end.

## RESERVOIR AND GARDEN.

In the plan for an arched and forty-second street which THE WORLD has advanced it should be carefully borne in mind that whatever usefulness is attached to the reservoir now there will not be in the least impaired.

The scheme really means having two things in the same place. It is a great advantage to be able to use the space which is occupied by the reservoir and to use the reservoir itself as an important part of the air-garden, without the slightest detriment to it.

There really does not seem to be a possible objection to the carrying out of this idea of THE WORLD's. It will cost something of course, but it need not cost a penny more than there will be most abundant return for.

The immense advantages to be derived from such a garden are enough to make it seem almost a necessity. Health, cultivation, recreation—these are great benefits to confer on the citizen, and a reasonable sum paid for them is not a useless expenditure.

The idea is good enough to make its adoption in quick order a very natural thing.

## BROOKLYN'S INCREASE.

The valuation of property for purposes of taxation made by the Board of Assessors in Brooklyn, shows an increase of twenty-four millions of dollars over last year's valuation.

This shows that the quiet city across the river is a good deal of a town, and that Mayor CHAPIN has no sinecure in his position as its ruler.

Brooklynites may feel some pride in this notable increase. New York is wont to speak of the City of Churches somewhat snobbishly, but so long as the big town can look at such solid advance in wealth and population it can magnanimously laugh at any little remarks of this kind.

A man in Connecticut got so crazy from drink that he shot two of his friends under the impression that they were bold, bad men bent on bringing him home. It is hard to tell from the mere statement of fact whether it is Connecticut pride or the man's intellect which is very poor. Presumably, it is the man. Local pride should lead the State which is known so widely for its little commercial dog-in-the-moment quality of its liquor. Justice to its citizens seems to demand this.

One of the most startling events in Hudson County is the refusal of an Assemblyman to accept a building, which was declared completed, on the ground that it was too ugly. The surprise is not that the building should be hideous, but that an official should perceive it.

An item of the news is the killing of one boy by another, twelve years of age. It is one of the horrid features of our life that this news is an unconsidered item instead of a blood-curdling sensation.

When the noxious beetle proceeds to destroy the graceful elms which afford such a picturesque shade to many of our towns, it is time that he is boycotted. Down with the beetle!

Somewhat it suggests a very small village when it is intruded to one strange-man for protection. So little is enough to overpower one man.

## WORLDLINGS.

The Emperor Frederick's youngest and prettiest daughter, who is soon to marry Prince Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe, is a girl of attractive figure, with blue eyes and fair hair. She is devoted to out-of-door exercises, rides, plays lawn tennis and drives a four-wheeled car.

Motherhood is said to have no bad points. Mrs. Gould of her brilliant complexion somewhat, but her eyes are as large and soft, her hair is brown and luxuriant and her features so delicate as to be perfect.

The Duchess de la Rochefort-Bianchi, who is described as one of the grandest dames of France, is a woman of forty-six years. She is said to be as large and soft, her hair is brown and luxuriant and her features so delicate as to be perfect.

## THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Miss May Lyle Smith, who has the reputation of being the most accomplished artist of her sex in America, read a paper before the New York Music Teachers' Convention in Saratoga that produced as much of a sensation among the old musicians as her solo did last winter in Chickering Hall. After tracing the loved instrument through the mazes of history, she described the mechanism of the soft, complaining date, and in Hamlet's words described the execution "as easy as lying." You have only to govern the ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth and it will discourse most eloquent music.

It had the great honor as well as pleasure of playing with the New York Philharmonic Club in Chickering Hall during the past winter. Rabbin, Rabbin, Char B. Brice, Himmeler, Jolleson, Heinrich Hoffmann, Andersen and a host of others have been most choicely featured, though Poppi, Doppler and Terezhak have certainly been the most voluminous and versatile. Flutes are made everywhere. The boy let loose from school on his willow stick, plucks up the end, like his precocious parent, and discourses to him—sweet music, Germany, France and England have each their own and celebrated makers, I have played upon flutes from every clime, but with an inferior lot of home, joined with, I think, an inferior lot of appreciation. I prefer those made in our native land, and must accord to W. H. Mennell, of New York, the faculty and skill of producing the finest instruments I have seen.

In concluding her paper, Miss Smith referred to the technique as extremely simple and readily overcome by honest study.

Ladies are wearing with their pretty outdoor costumes the long chamois gloves which protect the arms from sun and rain, and which can be washed in light and made fresh and tidy in appearance. The white elastic cap used is put in the water and not rubbed directly on the gloves. Also for strong serviceable wear are the gloves of real Russia leather, which are sold in tan and other brown shades, including mahogany. These gloves are easily recognized by the peculiar perfume which is always present with this particular make of leather, attributable to a certain kind of oil used in the tanning process.

To prevent your glass from cracking when putting in hot liquid, stand a tablespoon up in them. There is a prevailing idea that this process has something to do with electricity, but the true solution is that the spoon absorbs some of the heat and also carries some of it out into the open air.

The progressive improvement in the shape of jerseys and blouses is very marked, and greater perfection in their construction has been arrived at than at first seemed possible. No longer are the better makes open to the accusation of giving an untidy look to the wearer, and they can be worn with the ease of either of these kinds of waists tends to develop negligence in dress. The very loose sack-blouse, too full under the arms and baggy everywhere, is a thing of the past. The newer styles are shaped and slightly arched at the sides, and far less material is used in the modern model. Yet the wearer has perfect freedom in her movements, and the garment is still a blouse, and a very comfortable and becoming style it is to women of certain figure.

Narrow ribbons of fine quality are now worn with neck and collar dresses at the back rather than the wide sash which has been so long favored.

Here is a recipe for velvet punch: Take three cups sweet milk, bring to a boil, sweeten with cream, and add a little lemon juice. Beat the whites stiff and place on top. Brown slightly in a hot oven.

An importer of fine millinery shows some recent importations in French leathers and round hats that are particularly attractive in appearance these early summer days. They are made almost entirely of crepon, tulle, shirred and plaited silk, net, snowflake gauze and like diaphanous textures. A large-scale model for a garden party is trimmed with dew-covered ambrosia, and from the head and sides of the crown of the hat is snatched in performed violets and foliage, with white violet sprays here and there. A primrose-yellow crepe, shirred on gold wires to form a sailor-shape, is trimmed with white lace and white crepe moiré.

I could almost sympathize with the woman who, in her loneliness, takes out a little French bonnet, says "Bibi" in her letter from Paris, for you have ever had any doubt on the subject. Before you know that milliners are born not made, and that they can only come from this country of sunshine, an English or American bonnet, even one I don't know whether it is French or not, seems to have been thought out for you, and you begin to wonder if the milliner had some sort of outlook into the future, knew you were coming, and knew just what you would want. Delightful chapeaux of soft crepe, decorated with a pink and white cord, are most in vogue. A typical one is of pale yellow crepe, with a crown, and just in front is a golden border, heavily poised as if for flight, and having ends of tiny emeralds. I never knew a bonnet just where they carried them, and some I don't know whether they are properly placed. The ties are of black velvet, and the bonnet is very very far away, so that little of the bangs shows. The Frenchwoman is the power in France in the business as well as in the social world. In the middle classes she really directs how the money shall be invested, she looks after the life and out of going on the fringes, and she is always deferentially treated by all the people in her husband's employ. In the higher classes she hears the secrets of the Bourse, or of the Ministry, and she knows whose influence is worth gaining to assist her husband in his career. She is the one who obtains what she wishes. In the literary world she is queen, and, differing in this from the Englishwoman of the same type, she is well dressed and prides herself on being a good hostess.

## THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

Bounder—Anything gone wrong in your family? When I met your youngest boy, just now, he was crying as though his heart would break.

Bounder—Things wrong? Well, I should calculate if things haven't been going just right, but I don't know. I think that I'd like to see him the next time I hear him.

## No Comparison.

Wife—John, this is a nice time to come home.

Husband—Yes, but this is a nice time to see how much you love me.

## Hard to Trace.

A—According to statistics an immense quantity of beer is drunk in your town.

B—Yes, and when you try to find out who does it nobody will give you up to it.

## TO THEIR RESCUE.

Friends of Sick Babies Helping to Swell the Free Doctor Fund.

Every One Invited to Join the Ranks of Life-Savers.

Entertainments of All Kinds Gotten Up for the Sick Infants.

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## THE WORLD: THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 24, 1896.

chopped by poverty and pursued by the greivous ill that prey on misery.

To-day I met a little colored girl of nineteen in the vicinity of Ninth avenue and Fifty-fifth street carrying a sick baby in her arms.

Her name is Nellie. She had just come from the Babies' Hospital in East Fifty-fifth street, and finding the nurse physician absent was going to THE EVENING WORLD office.

Going to walk the distance, too, think of it, you creatures of fortune with plenty in your purses and pity in your hearts!

Her story is a sad one made doubly touching by the gentle dignity and girlish haughtiness of the pretty colored mother. A couple of years ago Nellie married a young man and went to live with him in West Twenty-seventh street.

The husband concluded that marriage was a failure, and deserted Nellie New York day by abandoning his wife and infant daughter, then only a few weeks old.

For Nellie was too proud to follow him. She set her teeth together, threw the tiny of the man on whom she had wasted her affection in the fire, wrapped her tiny brown baby in a plaid, carried it to a private nursery and went to work as a dining-room maid.

She earned \$3 a week for two months, out of which she paid \$2 a week for her baby's board.

When her strength returned she accepted a place in a private kitchen at a salary of \$4.50, going to see the baby daughter every evening she could leave the house.

The recent hasty departure of the family for the seashore made it necessary for Nellie to do extra work, and although she paid the child's board regularly she could not visit it for three weeks.

Then she was horrified to find that her baby had been cruelly neglected and was in a dying condition.

She removed it from the nursery and spent all the money she had saved for medical advice, consulting both white and colored doctors.

This poor little woman was too proud to go to a free dispensary for attendance. The child was dying; it must have immediate attention and it was right that she should pay something for medical service, but knowing her condition and her helpless dependence it is but small credit to the profession that any of its members should have exacted a fee of \$2!

When I met her she did not have pennies enough in her pocket to pay car fare, and yet her faith was sublime.

"If the Lord provides for those little sparrows over yonder," indicating a group of feathered bipeds in the middle of the street, fighting as though possessed of the spirit of Sitting Bull, "Baby will not be overlooked. I know, and I don't care for myself at all."

Baby lay in her arms a dead weight, the small face turned to the glaring sunlight, the eyes closed and the lips parched and rough.

She was nicely dressed in fresh laundered muslin, but the tiny frame had scarcely flesh enough on it to hide the bones. It was a case of marasmus, and the fragile little thing stands a better chance of seeing "kingdom come" than harvest moon.

Preparations are being made to send the brave young mother and her wee daughter to a seaside nursery.

Mrs. Phillips is another woman who knows the agony of physical suffering and the bitterness of human sorrow.

Two weeks ago, when Dr. L. H. Henderson visited her little home, she had five pretty, sturdy children.

Ten days ago bright-eyed, dimpled-faced Joe, aged five, was flying a kite in front of his house, when a horse took fright, dashed down the street with a load of groceries and ran over the little fellow, breaking one leg and fracturing his skull.

He was removed to the hospital where he lies helpless and alone, with none but strange faces about him.

Troubles are strangely collective and a whole flock seems to be hovering over the now wretched home. Before the first visitor's day at the hospital, came round the anxious mother was detained by the sudden illness of Fanny, a sweet little girl of two, who was attacked by that most fatal of children's diseases, cholera infantum.

All that night the mother's vigils lasted, but before the succeeding noonday there was a hush throughout the tenement-house, and the marble form of a once beautiful child lay in the darkened room awaiting burial.

The mother did not attend the funeral, the baby, five months old, having been stricken with the same dreadful malady.

Dr. Henderson has been in attendance on the case day and night, but there is little hope of the child's recovery.

Poor Joe has made many friends in the hospital by virtue of his misfortune, and there are several treasures under the pillow of his cot that he is saving for Fanny.

It is not certain that the little fellow will regain his strength and at best he will be crippled for life.

One likes to cherish the belief that the lost ones return to earth to comfort with their sweet presence the lives smitten by disaster. Let us hope that the angel sister will have in holy, happy keeping the injured brother, and be to him a comfort, help and guide.

Over in East Forty-eighth street there is an abode of misery where "sorrow's crown of sorrows" presses heavily on the brow of childhood.

The father, a tin cutter, has been sick in bed for five months, the sole support of the family devolving on a messenger boy.

Last November the mother died, leaving six children, the eldest a boy of seventeen and the youngest a boy of five months. Since her death a girl of four months has had the care of the house, with all its duties and privations weighing on her young shoulders.

She has only been at school a few years, and lacking as she does the interest of relatives and friends, it grieves the heart to think of her about the hardship she is forced to endure, and that, too, from no cause of her own.

This brave little mother has nursed her father through all his sickness, going about his bedside and her kitchen work with the grieving babe in her arms.

Poor Baby seems to have a proper appreciation of the heavy burdens put upon his mother.

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his sister, and shows a Spartan's determination not to get sick, although there is nothing in his pale face, puny form and wistful eyes to indicate that he is well.

The child-mother serves him with the diet on which the others exist, bread and butter for breakfast, tea and bread for lunch and bread and butter and tea for dinner.

What Dr. Herriek considers her most interesting case just now is in Scamuel street. The family, consisting of six persons, occupy a couple of rooms on the ground floor in the rear of a dilapidated tenement-house.

For months the father has been out of work. He is sober and industrious, has a good reputation, but seems to have no claim on the favoring gods.

The mother is a scrubwoman, and during her last pregnancy she was laid up with three young children, one aged eighteen months.

When the doctor visited the flat she found little blue-eyed Bella taking care(?) of the little ones.

The baby had cholera infantum and her attire consisted of her yellow knicker hair and a cotton dress, which describes the uniform of the entire group.

Bella was "fixing" some coffee for baby's dinner. She had no fire and no intention even of warming it.

When told that milk was the proper beverage for infants she replied: "Yes, I know; but you see mother does not come home with the money till 7 o'clock."

To this unanswerable argument the doctor murmured something about the helping hand of Providence, and laying aside her wraps and medicine case, said: "Bring a pitcher and come with me."

"Ain't got no pitchers," was Bella's reply, "but here's a pail," producing a tin vessel that showed a number of knock-down blows and a thick lining of green paint.

Three compass attempts were made to wash the pail, but given up, and finally a pitcher was borrowed from a neighbor.

Going through Mulligan's alley the other day Dr. Freeman was accosted by a wild-eyed, haggard-faced woman, who besought him "for God's sake to look at her baby."

Leaving the Daily out of the question, he volunteered "to go for her sake and the child's sake," and followed her down the long 4 by 200 feet alley and up the rickety stairway to a room that would have been inconvenient and unwholesome for a spare chamber in a chicken-house.

The child lay on the fire-escape on a bed of rags, an old sheet serving as an awning to protect the wee invalid from the fierce rays of the sun.

The poor baby was actually dying, the eyes were glazed, the hands chilled and the flesh blue.

The heart was still beating, and throwing off his coat the doctor went to work to revive the feeble life. Restoratives were administered, messengers were despatched for flannel clothing, medicine and prepared foods, and in an hour's time the small white baby was sleeping and the faintest throb of blue was perceptible in the delicate temple.

It was found on investigation that the forlorn mite of humanity was suffering from cholera infantum; that it had been feeble from birth, the miserable character of its food, home and provisions having in no way improved its condition.

The murders resulting from the assassin's pistol and the ruffian's knife are as nothing compared to the silent but murderous assaults of disease, starvation and wretchedness.

Poverty kills more people than gunshot and bad air more than poison.

Life must be shielded, not only from malice and frenzy, but the